







# WEEKLY COURIER.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, • JULY 10, 1861.

(For the Louisville Courier.)

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES E. BELL, T.

WHO WAS KILLED JULY 4, 1861.

Many more slaves with clear, opaque faces, had rose-wreaths to dimmed suns of dawn, And red suns tame all the silvery mists were cast in shadows of the deep—

Ab! life so sweet all nature so fair with the summer play to earth and air The golden days grow like rich, jeweled flowers Abloom through the long, bright, beautiful hours, Under the mystic spell of night, Heaven's portals swing wide, and the glories dawn—

Like dawning rays from the Dolly's colors.

The twilight still with the sun that still And the stars in the ocean's emerald shell, And wakes to the rapture of those never fair His dreams are brightened by angel's bays of power, And the golden suns of the day are brightened by the anticipation joys which fill there over now.

Then never can know this earth, earth-like again With its joys, its bright virtues, its love and its

Then art still in death's love and dreamless.

And the long grace is waving above thy soft Thy head's frozen pulse, with love's hopes never met, Nor the sun of ambition bidst thy life let free.

Then art gone where no faints, no angels come,

No more the bright, rose-tinted dreams of the dawn—

The winter's over. Long the norths were bent, And, as falling here, here, here, here, were to

With the pale hands clasped, the were won to

And the loving lips mate, whose last word was fair.

The angels have reached down their helping hands,

And art thou, dear James, to join their bright bands?

And shouldst thou, fair, thy mate to join thy bright bands?

Show me, for these, who have known these green shores?

The silent carols for the long hills of heaven?

The soul pour'd its tears, the deep, dark grottoes,

And the pale, pale robes dyed the deep, dark grottoes,

Then art one of the heroes whose fame is so dear,

The grand smile of triumph in each gloom.

The other fair from the fond hearts that beat,

Is dead, is dead, is dead.

Woe! the blood-red wane!

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